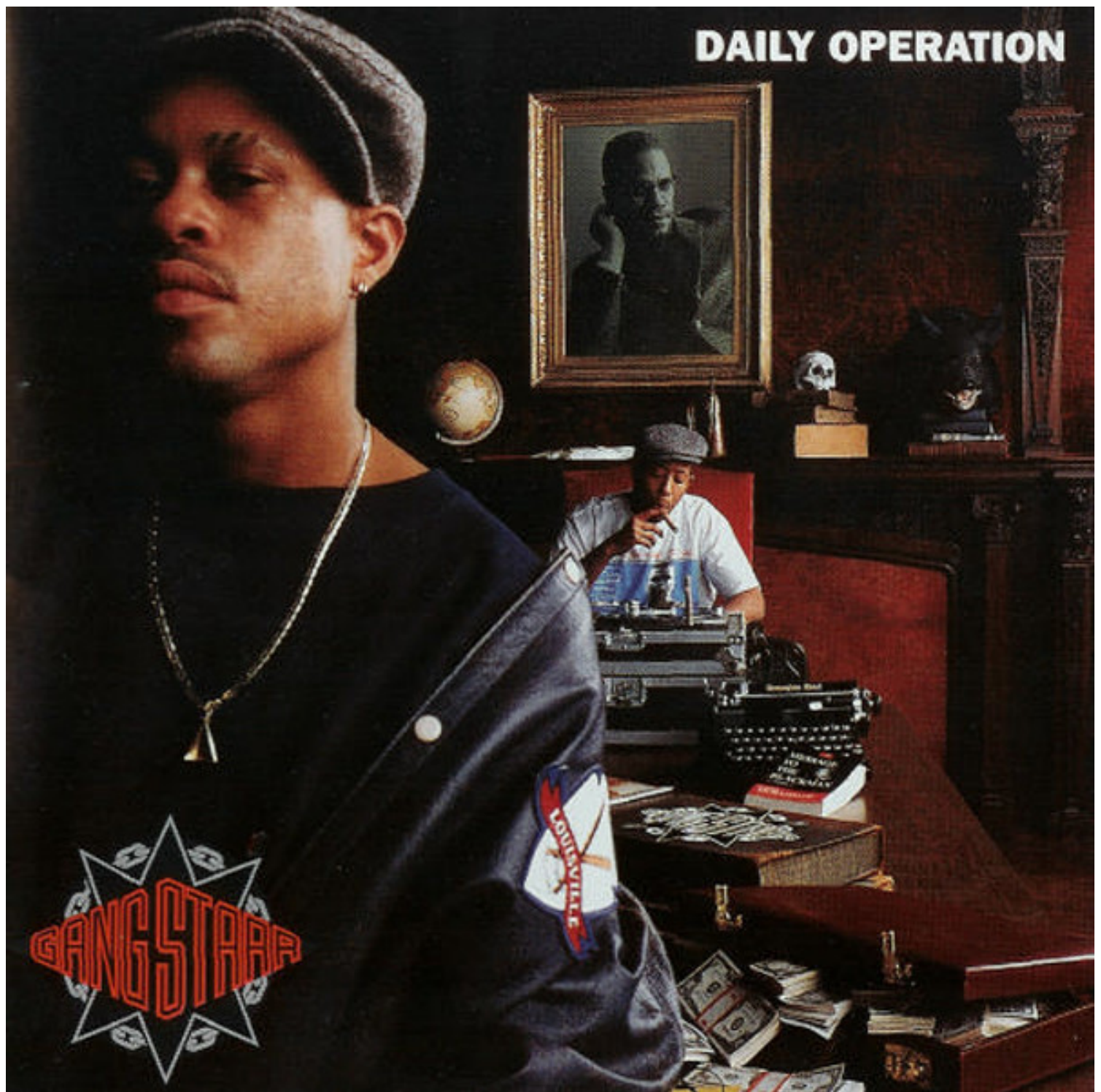


DAILY OPERATION



Gang Starr Lyrics

"The Place Where We Dwell"

[Verse 1:]

New York, New York is where we live and we're thorough
Never taking shorts cuz Brooklyn's the borough
Peace to Uptown, to Queens and the Bronx
Long Island and Jersey get as fly as they want
Where we rest is no joke
So let me break it down to sections for you slowpokes
Fort Green, Bedstuy, Flatbush, Brownsville
Crown Heights and East New York will be down till
Medina takes respect for the style's we bring
Cuz in Brooklyn, we be into our own thing
Atlantic terminals, Redhook, Bushwick
Come to Brooklyn frontin', and you'll get mushed quick
We ain't just know for flipping and turning out parties
But also for the take no bullshit hotties
On the subject of blackness, well let me share this
Brooklyn is the home for cultural awareness
So in all fairness, you can never compare this
Some good, some bad. Little hope for the weak
Dangerous streets and Coney Island Beach
All this included when you go for a tour
Some can get scandalous and outright raw
When you step, step correct and watch where you move
We pay dues so we ain't trying to lose
Here in Brooklyn
The home of the black and the beautiful
For a ruffrap sound, ain't a place more suitable
Other cities claim this, and others claim that
But let me give some props to the place where we be at
B-R-double O- K-I-Y-N
I came in for a visit and ever since then
I've been incorporated with select personnel
Right here in Brooklyn, the place where we dwell

Way down in Brooklyn *[x3]*

Those who live in Brooklyn know just what I'm talking about

[Verse 2:]

Peace to Boston, Philly, Connecticut, DC
All the east coast cities are fly to me
Peace to everybody down south and out west
But for me, Brooklyn, New York is the best
Don't be afraid to venture over the bridge
Although you may run in to some wild ass kids
Take the J train, the D or the A if you dare
And the 2,3,4,5 also comes here
There's so much to see cuz Brooklyn's historic

Fools act jealous but you have to ignore it
So I just lounge wit the fat clientel
Out here in Brooklyn, the place where we dwell

Way down in brooklyn
You know the place...

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Flip The Script"

Brave is the knave who steps up to be slayed
by the one who forgave him for his first mistakes
He'd best behave, or I'ma send him a wave
of some shocking volts, he doesn't know what he's talkin about
He's kickin a bunch of crap so I'll be the judge of that
The boy lacks artistry but still he tries hard to be
an entertainer, but instead he's a waste of
my time and your time so I'll kick the pure rhymes
Whenever you're looking for rap that's exceptional
and credible, straight to the G's you better go
Cause GangStarr's known to be prone to be
masters of streetwise poetry and turntable wizardry
but still be a cold day in Hell when you hear that
Guru or Premier ever tell suckers get sales
but they fail in the long run that kid who went gold yo
That was the wrong one but tonight the spotlight is all on me
I'm the Guru, of the G-A-N-G
Taking out scrubs cause they rub me the wrong way
and I'll say, that they've still got a long way to go
to show they can flow like a real pro
So gimme that loot catch the boot from my steel toe
I'm changing the scenery as I make em uncomfortable
cause most MC's ain't really got no pull
Watch me stifle em quick with the gift and the wit
Make em quit all that riff as I flip the script

[Chorus]

Fool listen, I know that you've been missing
all this and so my rhymes are gonna gleem and glisten
like a gem, and if you are the fake MC type
I'll shine so bright I'll be blinding your eyesight
Your capabilities fall short so I'ma treat you like a dwarf
on a basketball court still you try to rap
And even claim you got new styles but
rolling your tongue's been playe dout for a while
And you don't sound fly so why are you doing that?
You had a dope track but you're wack so you ruined that
I couldn't make out what you were saying your diction
is jumbled where as me I'm conveying clear thoughts
to a crowd that's most critical
Booty duck rappers like you are just pitiful
I bet you couldn't name more than one pioneer
Cause you didn't pay dues and you got on on outta nowhere
But that's OK cause I'm peeping your card
If rap was my house you'd be sweeping the yard
As I recline I'll find more chores to give ya

like moppin the floors or maybe fetchin my slippers
So don't even trip or run off with the lip
Cause as soon as you slip you know I'll flip the script

[Chorus]

So as I kick a bit flip with script without a skip
butter roll MC's get dissed like this
You'll never got none son because I'll become troublesome
You rap like a simpleton
And I hate scum yo I can easily deflect your threats
cause they're idle my recital will break you down
Just a fight til the end cause I can take ten at a time
Give em all a fair shot to see if any can rhyme
And even if one is decent, I'll still get props
I'll kick the slick lines til the last one drops
As my powerful skills are unveiled I'm tippin the scales
and weighing much more than your tall tales
Stop the exaggeration perpetration observe
and make simple notation
Nobody no where no way no how
is taking me out cause I can throw so you know now
Can you feel it, I bust raps so lay off
before I steal that so called title that you gave yourself
But you really ain't jack so yo you played yourself
And now you look from a distance as you sweat my tip
You know I'll whip you swift when I flip the script

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Ex Girl To Next Girl"

[Verse 1]

You know I used to be a player, fly girl layer and a heartbreaker,
lovemaker, backbreaker but then I made a
mistake yes I fell in love with this ill chick
sweatin' me for money, my name and the dilsnick
my homeboys told me to drop her for it would be to my benefit
she used to say I'd better quit hanging with those derelects
romancing is my thing but I can't swing with no scheming hoes
wherever my beema goes you know that I'm driving
surviving in the 90's is a must so I trust
that everyone listen up as my vocals give thrust
I bust my rhymes first never chasing a skirt
do much work while other suckas need more time to rehearse
now back to the ex-girls, ex-lovers, ex-friends
it made me mad to find that she was only after my ends
she phones me and goes on about her new life now
I wish she knew right now
I think she's busted let's discuss it
when I was with her no trust, just fights
just the he-say-she-say and the neighborhood highlights
bow I got my new girl or as I say my baby doll
but I'm still gettin' crazy calls, my ex-girl's got balls
don't wanna play the field cuz I get lovin' at home base
don't gimme no long face just exit with a grace
you and I are the past, c'est la vie, much respect girl
but now you're my ex-girl cuz I'm on with the next girl

[Chorus]

[Next]

[Verse 2]

she had much loot liked to buy me fresh-dipped gear
liked to have me near cuz of my svoir faire
the time we shared was brief cuz I needed relief
from her high-classed antics and all her conceit
now she's crying wolf and I like don't wanna hear that
I told her the bear facts when things started out
she wines and she pouts about how I did her bad
yo but she'd tried to buy me
even tempt me with the hiney
I fell for a sec cuz the clothes were real fly
I could almost feel I
would give into her whims
her thoughts were erratic, sporadic, crazy in nature
I told her hey look I can no longer date ya
Tried to pimp with bank and fell short, your ship sank

many thanks for the time and the watch and the link
you and I are the past, c'est la vie, nuff respect girl
but now you're my ex-girl cuz I'm straight with the next girl

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

you saw my mom in the supermarket and gave her your number
you asked how's my sister then asked how's my brother
didn't ask about my father cuz you know he ain't like ya
every time I left for your crib yo he'd really get hyper
the advice he used to give me makes much sense now
I can't believe I used to let you break my confidence down
you used to ask me why the hell did I wanna live in Brooklyn?
you messed up my flow although you were good-lookin'
yes darlin' was fly and this was the problem
cuz back in the day she had me scheming and robbin'
to get her things to wear so when she went to the club
all eyes were on her and me I just bugged
caught in between felling proud and feeling more like a sucker
had to go undercover, get away, find another
been in Brooklyn 9 years and been around the world too
I've seen so many fly girls and I knew just what to do
I went from ex-girl to next took my time with each one
and you know they still love me so stop jellin' me hon
went home to see mom and I saw you at the bus stop
must I stop? nah I think not
you and I are the past c'est la vie, much respect girl
but now you're my ex-girl & I'm out with the next girl
out...

[Chorus]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Soliloquy Of Chaos"

5 carloads deep, time to go do a show
Got a massive crew and we're ready to roll
So I grab my gear hop in the whip and ride
Premier he's got the fly dope system inside
But my shit cranks too and we've got mad tapes
of all the underground groups with the lyrics and bass
Off into the New York night we go
Dre large got the camera biggest, Gord's got three rolls of film
So we can take the macked out photos
Tommy Hill, The Damaja and my man Gunsmoke
Corey and Smurf and Lil Dap's got a forty
My man Gary and Shiz and the nutcracker Shorty
Mike Rhone, chillin' like Capone
Robinhood, Known as Mel with the clientelle
Mo, JT, Mega, can't forget black
they're rockin' sincere, yes the posse's fat
Out loud pulls up plus there's Sid and OC
Big Mel from strong island H.L. the one and only
O. Delicious, Ely, Bazz and Eon
and the aroma of the blunts has me thinking beyond
And to the rest of the crew you know the bond is strong
and you know who's who, so let me not prolong
For this was a night to remember
I had on the beige Tims with the two tone leather
So we get to the jam, the gig, the venue
then we circled around and then drove in through
the front the place was packed the line was long
I was bobbing my head cuz the music was on
I turned it down then I peeped to my right
I saw this kid and his girl having a fight
Another kid walked up and mushed the kid in his face
and then the kid pulled out and bust and laid him to waist
A riot broke out girls screaming and scheming crews
started buck wiling tryna' snatch kids jewels
After that 50 came and turned the party out
and then the ambulance came to take the body out
And we didn't even get all the equipment out
and we didn't even get to turn the place out
This can happen often and it's really fucked up
So I'll ask you to your face homeboy what's up
Did you come to see my show or the stupid nigger playoffs
Killing you and killing me it's the soliloquy of chaos

And if you live in the cities where streets reek warfare
people getting nowhere bot you go for yours there
You'll find it doesn't pay to front or play the role
You could get stole or maybe beat with a pole

Then you'll wanna retaliate, regroup and come back
so you set the brothers up for a sneak attack
Whether you die or kill them, it's another brother dead
but I know you'll never get that through your head
Cuz we're mislead and misfed facts, we're way off
killing you and killing me, it's the soliloquy of chaos

Gang Starr Lyrics

"I'm The Man"

(feat. Jeru The Damaja , Lil' Dap)

[Verse 1: Guru]

I say people people come on and check it out now
You see the mic in my hand now watch me wreck it now
what is a party if the crew ain't there?
[what's your name?] call me Guru that's my man Premier
now many attempts have been made to hold us back?
slander the name and with-hold facts
but I'm the type of brother with much more game
I got a sure aim and if i find you're to blame
you can bet you'll be exterminated, taken out, done
it doesn't matter how many they'll go as easy as just one
bust one round in the air for this here
cuz this year suckers are going no where
cuz my strret style and intelligence level
makes me much more than just an angry rebel
I'm Gifted Unlimited Rhymes Universal
mc's that ain't equipped get flipped in my circle
I'm aiming on raining on the bitch ass chumps
cuz their rhymes don't flow and their beats don't pump
and niggaz better know i paid my dues and shit
I'm bout to blow the fuck up because I refuse to quit
I'm out to get the props that are rightfully mine
yeah me and the crew think its about that time
but on the DL you know that Gangstarr will conquer
that's why you stare and point and others cling on to
my nautica, asking for a hookup
well sorry but my schedule is all booked up
nobody put me on I made it up the hard way
look out for my people but the suckers should parlay
cuz it's business kid, this ain't no free for all
you have to wait your turn, you must await your call
so now, now it is my duty to
eliminate and subtract all of the booty crews
and suckers should vacate
before I get irate
and I'll kick your can
from here to Japan
with force you can't withstand
cuz I'm the muthafuckin' man

[Break: Guru]

yo right now I got my man Lil' Dap from the Group home
yo step up to the mic and tell them why you're the man

[Verse 2: Lil' Dap]

so much anger built inside

so don't stop to say hi, muthafucka just die
my shit holds a mouthful so i guess you know what's up
why punks get killed at the end of the month
styles and styles I flip
Lil' Dap remains sick
yes the Group Home is thick
so all you punks hear this
everytime you riff
the more fame that we get
muthafuckas act hard
thinking that they are God
niggaz just don't understand
let me be my own man
did everything on my own
and everyplace wasn't home
everywhere that I'd rest
I had to dress with a vest
I guess you get the routine but with a lot of stress
frustration on my mind
brothers doin' mad time
rhymes are organized like crime
as we're rippin' the lines
brothers just don't know
how shit got to go
cuz I was told
to never give my back to the street
as I walk through the ghetto
dead souls I greet
see my man give him pound
then I walk with a frown
another minute
another brother's gunned down
shit is getting too close that's why the Group Home is thick
so everytime you riff the more fame that we get
my father always said don't watch the one across the street
watch the one right next
b'cuz he's easy to flex
took heed to what he said
yeah that deep ass nigga
while brothers hang around
tryin' to get down
niggaz just don't understand
I'm the mutha fuckin' man

[Break: Guru]

and also on the set from Dirty Rotten Scoundrels
we got my man Jeru the Damaja
yo tell them why you're the man

[Verse 3: Jeru the Damaja]

I'll tap your jaw
you probably heard it before
step to the bedlamite I'll prove my word is law

drugstore with more
dope rhyme vendor
not partial to beef
the chief ambassador
niggaz get mad cuz they can't score
like a wild west flick they wish to shoot up my door
but I incite a riot
don't even try it
bust up chumps so crab kids keep quiet
like I said before
I tap jaws
snatch whores
kill suckers in wars
vic a style you said was yours
money grip wanna flip but you're fish
house the mic like your hooker and did tricks on the bitch
Dirty Rotten Scoundrel and my name is Jeru
utilizing my tools in '92
MC's step up in mobs to defeat us
when we rock knots and got props like Norm Peterson
lot's of friends, lot's of fun, lots of beers
got the skills, kreeno so I always get cheers
troop on like a trooper no tears for fears
I'm a get mines cuz the crew'll get theirs
cut you up like Edward Scissorhands
you know the program I'm the mutha fuckin' man...

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Take It Personal"

I never thought that you would crab me
Undermine me, and backstab me
But I can see clearly now the rain is gone
The pain is gone but what you did was still wrong
There was a few times I needed your support
But you tried to play me like an indoor sport
like racquetball, tennis, fool, whatever
All I know is you attempted to be clever
Nevertheless, cleverness can't impress
Cause now you've been expose like a person undressed
cause I see through you, I'm the Guru
Now what you gonna do when I step to you
and when I pay you back I'll be hurting you
This ain't no threat so take it personal

Rap is an art you can't own no loops
It's how you hook em up and the rhyme style troop
So don't even think you could say someone bit
off your weak beat come on you need to quit
I flip lines and kick rhymes that never sound like yours
There oughtta be laws against you yapping your jaws
Originality overflows from in me
and the truth is, that you wish you could live the
life I live and kick the lyrics I kick
But bear in mind that you can't think as quick
So Premier drops a beat, for me to say verses to
And if I sound dooper then take it personal

Don't be mad cause I don't come around the way
like I used to, I don't have time these days
I'm keeping busy making power moves
Don't try to say I don't remember you
You shouldn't let your jealousy show like that
I stopped coming by, cause of the way you act
Telling my business to kids I don't even know
You're like a daytime talk show, and that's low
So you can tell everyone, that I'm jerking you
And if you don't like it, take it personal

Gang Starr Lyrics

"2 Deep"

[Verse 1]

I'm 2 deep and yes much too complicated
my lines when stated are quite often underrated
so consider it a privilege to hear this
those weak-minded opinions could never come near this
for my outlook on life is a profound view
whil the suckers act down thinking that they sound new
only a few sound true
me and the crew know who
cuz you see me and the fellas have been waiting for a while now
giving you the time to get your wack-ass style down
you punks pop junk as if life is a fantasy
knowing that hard is something you can't be
so you front but you could never call my bluff
cuz you'll catch hell you'll get dealt with

[Chorus]

I never sleep
I always peep
rhymes creep
I'm 2 Deep
I'm 2 Deep....

[Verse 2]

I forgive you sike I'm takin' your life
cuz you continue to disrespect so I'ma get trife
but then again I think I'll spare ya
cuz I know tht all it takes one rhyme just to scare ya
see I'm the holder of the key
don't ask me if I'm Muslim don't say nothin' to me
I said I was raised like one son I had two cousins
they pushed me to find myself or else they knew I wasn't
gonna make it and then end up a statistic
my life was twisted I almost missed it
the chance yes the chance to make you feel good
I used to steal goods and fake my parents out real good
but now I got K-N-O-W-L-E-D-G-E of self cuz I'm me
and the nation of Islam has my support
cuz they try to reeducate the ones who are lost
and the 5 percent nation takes other steps
to get through to brothers on the corners with the reps
and in the prison they give the brothers new visions
of how we can gain wealth gain self esteem and dream
of a total different scene I dress clean, stand lean
say what I mean and I'm out
like a scout on a new route exhibitting clout

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]

for right now yo my religion is rhyming
perfect timing test the flow and climb in
Ansaar, Sunnite, Sheite, Jihad
all must regard the times are hard
unite or perish
is the message I cherish
that goes for my people of all religions
if we're all black why have so many divisions
superficial factors are drawing us apart
don't let it happen
let's put some respect back in
so before I act I think cuz it's the brink of destruction
word corruption what's up son your gun is just one
and I just might have one
or two or maybe even three or four
and plus an army of 100 or more
but violence is never my first choice
I come in peace to release the effect of my voice

[Chorus]

Gang Starr Lyrics

"No Shame In My Game"

As I deliver rhymes with ease and walk around with my head up
I'm dead up serious so don't be getting too curious
Motherfuckers always wanna know what makes me tick
I'll pull a phrase out quick cuz I'm dipped and I'm slick
You thought that I would slip cuz you seen me drinking forty's
it shocked you then you told your friends you saw me
Well say what you want cuz all of mine is in tact
in fact I'll have you open like a hookers gap
I like to catch a buzz cuz I get into the beats more
MC's are washed up like dead fish on the seashore
Save the talk cuz you know I walk that walk
hitting city to city but I make my home in New York
I know the time with this rap shit cuz they got it all backwards
they need to take a hint or catch my microphone imprint
Straight to the dome through the skull to the tissue
Call me Guru I'll diss you if you're pressing the issue
Not my style to be sweatin' all the stupid ass rumors
I take it as a compliment and fuck you too
If you're scheming on the chance to put a stain on my name
Don't even think about it cuz ain't no shame in my game

No shame in my game

Stick to the subject I ain't afraid to be real
a lot of MC's fake hard just to gain appeal
I like some gangster rap, don't like the prankster crap
so I get passed all that by kicking straight up facts
There ain't no reason to shoot unless you got beef
if you pull out and you don't use it than you may catch grief
Toolies and techs ain't toys but kids got 'em today
and if they're ready to spray best get the fuck out the way
I try keeping my sanity by thinking of better times
if I write clever rhymes then maybe I'll climb
But what the hell's success if the mess ain't changing
50's still corrupt stupid gangs still bangin'
Stick up kids still stickin' nasty hookers still trickin'
all the pimps still pimpin' and all the crackheads trippin'
While the dealers still sellin' so I'll refrain from the yellin'
And the preachin' cuz who the fuck would I reach man
Niggaz don't wanna stop that, they wanna live fat
who'd wanna clean up their act when the papes come in stacks
They live for the minute and they're all wrapped up in it
it's an unfortunate state for many it's too late
Now death stalks the streets and it's right at your gate
so bug, lose your mind but I ain't goin' insane
I'll kick the fly lyrics cuz ain't no shame in my game

No shame in my game

Life's a bitch so who are we to judge each other
I know I got faults I ain't the only motherfucker
Stuff I heard about you wasn't too cool you know
like how you smoke wools and that your girl's a ho
But I don't listen to shit unless the story's legit
Knuckleheads need to quit cuz they be riding the dilsnick
But I'll be taking care of business regardless
and when it comes to rhyming you know I'm hitting hardest
So you can kick dirt but in the end you'll feel pain
you little sucker, there ain't no shame in my game

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Conspiracy"

You can't tell me life was meant to be like this
a black man in a world dominated by whiteness
Ever since the declaration of independence
we've been easily brainwashed by just one sentence
It goes: all men are created equal
that's why corrupt governments kill innocent people
With chemical warfare they created crack and AIDS
got the public thinking these were things that black folks made
And every time there's violence shown in the media
usually it's a black thing so where are they leading ya
To a world full of ignorance, hatred, and prejudice
TV and the news for years they have fed you this
foolish notion that blacks are all criminals
violent, low lifes, and then even animals
I'm telling the truth so some suckers are fearing me
but I must do my part to combat the conspiracy

The S.A.T. is not geared for the lower class
so why waste time even trying to pass
The educational system presumes you to fail
the next place is the corner then after that jail
You've got to understand that this has all been conspired
to put a strain on our brains so that the strong grow tired
It even exists when you go to your church
cuz up on the wall a white Jesus lurks
They use your subconscious to control your will
they've done it for a while and developed the skill
to make you want to kill your own brother man
black against black you see it's part of their plan
They want to send us to war and they want to ban rap
what they really want to do is get rid of us blacks
Genocide is for real and I hope that you're hearing me
you must be aware to combat the conspiracy

Even in this rap game all that glitters ain't gold
now that rap is big business the snakes got bold
They give you wack contracts and try to make you go pop
cuz they have no regard for real hip-hop
They'll compare you to others and say: "but yo, he sells"
and you know in your heart that he's weak as hell
So you say: "I ain't doing that corny stuff"
but they tell ya that your chart positions will go up
Sometimes they front big time and make you many promises
and when they break 'em then your mama says
"Son you're making records but that guy seems shady"
it could be too late and your career could be played gee
I hope you listen to the things that I'm sharing see

we all have a job to combat the conspiracy

Gang Starr Lyrics

"The Illest Brother"

[Chorus:]

Gotta be the illest brother to claim respect
It takes the illest brother just to get respect
Got to be the illest brother when it's time to get wreck
Got to be the illest brother when I get my mic check

I'm one of the illest brothers known to man
but if you don't understand, see I'm a grown man
And I stand 5'8" and 3 quarters
giving orders to my sqaudron cuz I'm like the sergeant
or general but let me keep this minimal
I used to hang with kids who like to live trife with a knife
Cutting kids for fun and pulling out much guns
and like riflery champs fellas start to get real amped
Dead bodies lay stamped to the pavement so I gave it some thought
remembering the brothers who are gone now
I will make a strong vow to make things right
ignite the mic, get hype and all that
Suckers try to menace but they always fall
flat to the ground as I astound come around
I'll put you down about the brothers who think they're the boss
think they're getting large but in the end they pay the cost
Of their lives and that ain't the way to go out
even take their boys with 'em cause they know their boys will go out
But when it comes to facing some time
they're like crying like weeping, wanna call mom Dukes
But mom Dukes is fed, fed up with the shit you did
she knows that you shot and she knows that you cripples kids
But who's to judge when you're trying to survive
the one who moves first might be the one to stay alive
So when you think you're hard and dominating the set
just remember the illest brother claims respect!

Like I said I'm an ill kid, so never dare test me
they wanna arrest me cuz I'm causing a frenzy
Fake gangsters come and fake gangsters go
real gangsters chill cuz real gangsters know
That quietly you stalk your prey on the down low
cuz too much talk will get you beef on the street
And brothers in the city have to live this way
it may cause dismay but Imma' tell it anyway
Yo guns are easy to get and like a puppet
some young kid is gonna be the subject of internal oppression
An example of hard times
cuz to make it out the trap in your mind it's a hard climb
But even if you change and come right and exact
there's another brother scheming so just watch your back

I know a brother who thought he had it all
but little did he know he was bound for a down fall
He'd pick up the heater and go stick somebody
he wouldn't give a damn if he killed somebody
Cuz if somebody would get in the way of him getting loot
there'd be no hesitation he'd just shoot
It's like The Good, The Bad and The Ugly
except it's reality and you don't see it on TV
Brothers keep dying in the streets cuz the streets are designed
to keep you from having peace of mind
I know an old man, he's got a rifle to stifle
any young punk, he hides it under his bunk
And I know a kid who's been to jail
and he told me that the system had failed him
So now he's out the joint and he's like flippin' on kids
and the people in his neighborhood are flippin' their wigs
But you gotta check the move cuz there's a reason
a method to the madness and you know what I'm meaning
Cuz rather than being the herb, vic, or chump
you can be just like my man cold holding the pump
But living like that you take a chance with your life
but some things in life, sometimes will make you uptight
I'm like an avalanche of knowledge pounding down all fools
all fakes, all snakes
and ones who try to break the rules and regulations
Stipulations made by the GangStarr
you try to flex muscle but you know you can't hang ha
You're making me vexed but yeah you can go next
just remember the illest brother claims respect

[Chorus repeat]

Yo money don't front you know you blew your chance
and now it's my turn so Imma' take command
Cuz I'm like the one who's got all the juice
I always get loose I got the balls to reduce your crew
Very easily I got more ammo
I'm like the ill kid the psycho man yo
Cuz now I'm past the point and I ain't gonna return
and when it comes to your destruction I ain't really concerned
About the consequences cuz I'm living day to day
So who are you to comment about me and my ways.
I get my attitude from living and I never forget
You got to be the illest brother just to claim respect.

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Hardcore Composer"

Now I got you looking stiff you numbskull, you're at a stand still
Still faking that you're hard with your rhymes and got no hand skills
so I'll easily drop you and stop you from rhyming
Send you home to moms all bruised up and crying
Then if you want you can go call your people
You're gonna need a mob against me cause I'm lethal
Not that I'm a violent brother to the contrary
My vocals carry, and then I bury
MC's in holes that they dug for themselves
Couldn't be themselves so they sold themselves
to a company exec who doesn't have respect
for real rap music so he wants to get an MC
that starts out street to crossover
but not me, cause I'm the hardcore composer

You ain't a writer nor a fighter you're just a biter
I think you need to save all that because in spite
of the reputation that you think you have
the crew already knows that you're really a crab
So I'll grab the mic with haste and send you out of this place
and back to trace my flow but don't waste your time bro
It only takes a minute a second for me to switch
and rearrange real quick cause I can kick plenty styles
Rhymes stretch many miles
I'm the authentic yes the lyric unloader
The truth exposé, the hardcore composer

All you delirious curious suckers
you better act like you've been known I mack
and hold my own with a mike just to stagger
a bragger, retire a lair and very easily
I'm pass by ya cause you didn't want to give the credit
where it was due, yeah it was you, uh huh it was you
and your crummy corny ass crew
So we shall enforce that you lost and plus you oughta
find another type of life and yes another source of income
And here's some advice you can't rap this nice
I broke ya over and over I told ya
I would mold ya why? Because I'm bound
to give original sound and as your ears pound
bringing pleasure and pain
as brains start to gain from musical measures
Forming mystical questions never typical inventions
Developed by my Gifted Unlimited mind
Suckers wanna rhyme cause they're eager to find
the secret behind the way that I stomp all comp
Just like a Timberland it's the Guru and Premier

It's them again droppin the fly tracks
and taking things over and never selling out
cause I'm the hardcore composer

Gang Starr Lyrics

"B.Y.S."

I'm like a sniper rhymes'll strike ya when I'm rockin'
mad chicks be jockin' when the G Starr's talking
And that's because my word is bond
I get much fan mail and I always respond
So tell your hon to write me too
make sure she puts attention Mr. Guru
Brothers know the flow is unique
I got 100 wild styles in my black valise
MC's wanna be me so they keep askin'
for me to teach 'em methods both slow and fast
And others wanna act as if they're better
but they only got one style which ain't all that clever
I'm cooler than wind, harder than cold steel
I get the ladies with more than just sex appeal
A mystic psychic scanning all your thoughts
I'll touch your soul and make your brain feel caught
When my rapture traps ya and makes you mine
You'll submit to the gift and to the lyrical lines
So suckers realize that the size is too large
when I come through I'm pullin' whole crews cards
I be wreckin' correct and on the gangster tip
MC's who front: Imma' gonna burst your shit

I wonder do you love it enough
I'm steppin' rugged and tough, never to front or to bluff
I got the fresh cut baldy, the brothers call me
Guru the man yes with all the
J-A-Z-Z-Y type essence, street type lessons manifesting
the one who make the fly ladies feel pleasant
Never forgettin' that to myself I'm true
do what you want to but watch yourself though "duke"
I don't wanna hear all of that loud mouthing
try to pull yours out when nothing comes out
Then you'll see why you can't compete with me
the notorious Guru of the Gang you see
Starr stands for power like I said before
I'm like the doctors cure slicker than Roger Moore
I slide up to a crab MC like this
tap 'em in the head with my mic like this
I'll be revealing that you're weak to the world if you wish
And I insist that if you persist
then you get creamed, cuz Imma' get real steamed
so don't you try to flex and try to look all mean
Heyo check it that's dead that's it
cuz all you phony ass rappers Imma' bust your shit

Now when you see me on the set you know I may unleash

a lyric like a mad dog barking through the speaker
Step off unless you wanna get torn up
your raps worn out burned out fucked up
You locked up or maybe you locked out
cuz at the battle last time you snuck out
But now I'm rolling over you full blast
I'm here to let you know no longer will the bull last
MC's telling lies and poppin' all those myths
Keep on fakin' moves and Imma'...

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Much Too Much (Mack A Mil)"

[Verse 1:]

Other MCs in the place know I'm much too much
and I'll bust 'em all up without even cussing
all wannabe's are never ever gonna be nothin'
Gang Starr's in the house and we're crushing
so suckers better be up on their p's and q's and
competition come against me and you're losing
I'll use a simple style just to catch you snoozing
wake up wake up kid read the news and
take heed cuz you need to see how battles are won
when a real man displays how it must be done
and I snuff bum MCs and keep the cashflow comin'
and never had no problems getting women
I'm like a catalyst causin' a chain reaction
dopest vocalist ad now the main attractionn
things turn gold at my slightest touch
that's why the people say that I'm much too much

[Chorus:]

I'm much too much
I'm much too much
I'm much too much
I'm much too much

[Verse 2:]

check the G-U-R-U yes the brother who's progressing
If beats are cake I'm frosting, if salad I'm dressing
never stressing or guessing or messing around man
just turn up the system so the beat can be pounding
blasting out your radio my vocals surrounding
take a trip uptown and come back down and
and kick it with the fellas I call my crew so
I'm gettin' kinda fat like a big huge sumo
I figure that I'm due and it's true cuz you know
a rapper this nice oughtta clock mad dough
not the stuff from the baker but the loot yo the paper
I set up shop and drop gems and catch 'em later
cuz I'm like keeping it moving, improving steadily
pumping kinda loud in your Blazer or Cherokee
doesn't matter what you drive, automatic or clutch
just pop in my tape cuz I'm much too much

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

I walk in the room unload a boom that's like sonic
my slick voice to the beat is symphonic

to a biting MC my lines are toxic and chronic
my mystical style is like harmonic
I've rarely had a difficulty slaying MCs
cuz the ones who were toughest still begged on their knees
and I wreck the set with the greatest of ease
and you know I'm swift like the breeze
I'll never understand why a wack rapper tries and
convinces himself that his image is so fly and
that's the type of crap you know I'm not buying
chumps lack the beats and their rhymes don't apply and
that's why I've come into your life today
just to make you sweat in my unique way
I'm controlling all action dissing MC ducks
that's why everybody knows that I'm much too much

[Chorus]

[Outro:]

(Mack A Mil) (Mack A Mil) (Mack A Mil)
(Mack A Mil) (Mack A Mil) (Mack A Mil)
(Mack A Mil) (Mack A Mil) (Mack A Mil)

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Take Two And Pass"

[Intro/Chorus:]

Take two and pass [x3]
so the blunt will last

Take two and pass so we can all get blunted
Don't smoke ciggarettes so my growth ain't stunted
We got at least five head so I rolled a white owl
It's the break of dawn and we're awake like night owls
Phillies are cool but they burn much quicker...
... hey yo come on pass that shit nigga
We lounge to the sounds as we leave from Uptown
It's time to go downtown and make some more rounds
This city never sleeps that what Sinatra sang
For that fat fat blunt you know I got this thing
so hand it over cause I wanna get charred
I'm in love with mary jane she keeps me large
So don't hog it let's get it moving real fast
Everybody just chill and take like two pulls and pass

[Chorus]

The club is crowded everyone's up in here
Heyo Premier what's that you got there?
It looks like a nice plump blunt in your hand
I just know you're gonna share it with me cause I'm your man
So bust it, I got one too and if you spark up yours
I'll light up mine when it's through
Oh shit, there goes my man the fat mack
We used to get blazed I know he's got a fat sack
Let's go upstairs grab a chair and unwind
so the la la can enhance our minds
The system booming let the bass increase
I find me a seat so I can peep the chic
ladies and maybe get my homeboys some ass
All you gotta do is take two pulls and pass

[Chorus]

Even in the morning like the flavor of juice
A blunt adds spice and a blunt can spruce
up your day but I'm not advertising just telling
of aspect a part of our lives
And around the way there ain't no shame in our game
cause the fame is no thing we get together and hang
And since you know I got dash and class
then I'm after you so take two pulls and pass

Gang Starr Lyrics

"Stay Tuned"

[Verse 1:]

Get with this get with this
get with this cuz you got no choice
Rappers sometimes you'll find make dough
but yo you know they've got no voice
get him off the podium he ain't no speaker
yes he's just a phony and look at his sneakers
played out of style out of rhymes
he's out his mind
lost his way lost his pay
I'm takin' his props so call the cops
you can call 'em but I know 'em
Sweet MCs I think I'll ho 'em
cuz they front so very hard and big or small
I'll break 'em all
Ain't gotta say that I'm the best
my skills will show I passed the test
when it comes to beats and rhymes
we come correctly everytime
and stay tuned

[Chorus:]

stay tuned...

[Verse 2:]

with information like the CNN
I can take you there and then
the rest is up to you to choose
the bottom line is win or lose
suckers suckers suckers don't be listening
so I can't be waitin' on 'em
I ain't got no time to play, do you?
look at the state of things and tell me true
in the city any city life's a paradox of good and evil
Many fall into the vicious cycle
living by the gun or by the rifle
think they got a reason that ain't really sure
the death toll rises more
it's trife the way some live life
I love rap, I like the city
but for a fool I have no pity
there's too much suffering too much struggle
too much injustice and don't it bug you
enough for you to press on harder
against the odds the wayn our forefathers
made away but foolishly we go astray
think about it and stay tuned

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

What you really oughta do is lay back smooth
as my vocals compliment the slow fat groove
just for you to blast around the way
play it nice and loud and hear me say
Gang Starr is hitting '92 and on
showing how to make a dope rap song
doing this while some disperse
then dissolve like specs of dirt
our music pertains to those who remain
down with the real not wealth or the fame
peace out, we'll be back, stay tuned...

[Outro:]

Please stay tuned